

SONNET XIV.



WHEN silent sleep had closed up
mine eyes,
My watchful mind did then begin
to muse; A thousand pleasing thoughts
did then arise, That sought by slights,
their master to abuse. I saw (O heavenly
sight!) FIDESSA'S face,

And fair dame Nature blushing to
behold it! Now did She laugh! now wink!
now smile apace!

She took me by the hand, and fast
did hold it! Sweetly her sweet body
did She lay down by me,

^a Alas, poor wretch/' quoth She, " great is
thy sorrow! But thou shall comfort find, if
thou wilt try me!

I hope, sir boy ! you'll tell me news to-
morrow! " With that, away She went!
and I did wake withal: When, ah ! my
honey thoughts were turned to gall.



SONNET XV.

CHARM-ER Sleep ! Sweet ease in
restless

The captive's liberty, and his freedom's sdUg!
Balm of the bruised heart! Man's chief
felicity!

Brother of quiet Death, when life is too too
long! A Comedy it is ! and now an History!

What is not sleep unto the feeble mind ?
It easeth him that toils, and him that's
sorry!

It makes the deaf to hear; to see, the blind 1
.Ungentle Sleep ! thou helpst all but me !

For when I sleep, my soul is vexed
most. It is FIDESSA that doth master
thee!

If She approach; alas, thy power is lost!
But here She is! See, how he runs amain !
I fear, at night, he will not come again.